

Shenandoah



Herald

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WOODSTOCK, VA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY, 16 1878.

NO. 15

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

COUNTY JUDGE.

G. R. Calvert, New Market.

COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY.

H. H. Riddleberger, Woodstock.

CLERK OF THE COURTS.

George W. Wiley, Woodstock.

SHERIFF.

Wm. H. Rice, New Market.

DEPUTIES.

Joshua Stickle, Strasburg.

W. F. Egan, Woodstock.

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POETICAL.

IT SPOKE A MAN TO MARRY HIM.

Believe, dear girl, this month true,

In precept and in practice too,

That it spoke a man to marry him!

The creature never ought to go

Without a husband or so!

If they survive that, they will show

That it spoke a man to marry him!

When first he knelt before your feet,

How soft his words he looks how sweet!

But it spoke a man to marry him!

When once a late consent he'd bring,

And your finger in the ring,

Oh! mine have quite another thing—

It spoke a man to marry him.

Have you a fancy you must drop it?

A will it may be you must stop it?

Before you think of marrying;

And even if you venture then,

Save the very vest of men,

If not, mine chances out of ten,

'Twill spoil the wreck to marry him.

WINNIE'S FORTUNE.

The handsome dining room in the

Mayberry mansion was all aglow with

the fire of gaslight and the genial glow of

the fire for Mr. Mayberry was a very

"queer" man according to his wife's

opinion, and this fancy of his to have

nasty baby faces all over the splendid

mansion before the weather became

cold enough was one of his "eccentric

frills." Mrs. Mayberry called it, with a

curl of her lip, a loss of the head and

smile almost contempt, directed at the

hale, hearty, honest-faced old gentle-

man, who had married her for her pre-

tty face, ten years ago, when he was an

immensely rich widower with his hand-

some half-grown son for a not very un-

desirable circumstance.

They were sitting around the hand-

some table discussing their seven

o'clock dinner, with the solemn butler

and his subordinate in silent, obsequious

attention—these three Mayberrys, father,

son and the haughty well-dressed lady

who was wearing a decided front of dis-

pleasure on her face—a frown she had

barely power to restrain from degener-

ating into a verbal expression of anger,

while the servants were in waiting and

which as the deer finally closed on

them, leaving the little party alone

over the wine and nuts, burst forth im-

petuously:

"I declare Mr. Mayberry, it is too

bad! I have gone over the list of in-

quiries you have made, and to think

there is not one but not one of our set

among them, and such a horrid lot of

people as you have named."

Mr. Mayberry sipped his wine con-

tentedly:

"I told you didn't I Marguerite, that

it was my intention to give an old-fash-

ioned dinner? And by that I meant,

and mean, to whom it was a cause

thankfulness. As to make a grand fuss,

and seeing around our table only the

people to whom a luxurious dinner is

only an every-day occurrence—I shall

not do it. And as to the guests on my

list being 'horrid' and 'common,' you

are mistaken, my dear. None of them

have any worse failing than poverty.

There is not a 'common' vulgar per-

son among the whole ten names on that

paper."

She knew from experience that, kind

and indulgent as her husband was, there

were times when he suffered no appeal

from his decision, and this was one of

these times.

"We will have dinner ordered for

twelve o'clock, as it used to be when I

was a boy. We will have roast turkey

with cranberry sauce and mashed pota-

toes and turnips, boiled onions and cel-

lery, all on the table at once. For de-

sert, pie, cheese and cider and nothing

more. Marguerite shall I give the or-

der to Letitia, or will you attend to it?"

"Mrs. Mayberry twisted her diamond